



# Pretty Boy



fanfiction

romance

sciencefiction

 70  2  6

## Chapter 1 by Sar Jo

I hate life. Life sucks. I hate it.

When I saw him walk through the doors with this smile that screamed "I love life!", I wanted to take it away from him.

He wore a white, t shirt and a pear of jeans. He had short, black curly hair. It seemed really soft.

I hated it.

He wore a beanie that covered the top of his lock covered head and his green eyes shone brightly. Several other boys walked up to him and he greeted them each with a fist.

What kind of boy was he?

Was he a bad boy? No, too nice.

Was he a clown? No, seemed too smart.

Was he a jock? No, he was skinny but he didn't have the athletic build that a football player would have.

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Was he just a boy?

No, no, no, no! There is no such thing as "just a boy"! There is no such thing. So what is he? Who is he?

He looked my way. His eyes twinkled a bit. I know he couldn't have seen me.

Nobody sees me.

But his eyes. His hair. His style. His smile. What was he?

Pretty...

He was a pretty boy.

## Chapter 2 by Thecore



I quickly shook all those thoughts about him away.

But just something about him made me felt...

Something that I have never experienced at all in my life.

Something that just made we want to glare at him all day.

What was that something about him?

His eyes shining through the night stars?

His curly thick beautiful hair that made me want to touch it.

Or the way he smiled and looked at me.

I didn't know the answer to this, but all I could know that the moment we look at each other we had something special...

Chapter 3 by Ko-ken



Or was it in my head?

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Ankles poking out of black

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When I see the curve of his neck I feel the urge to scream at him.

"Cover yourself!", I scream in my head. "Don't you know that people can see?"

I want to cover him from chin to sole and hide his precious skin from the eyes of others.

He sees me staring. Eye contact feels like fire down my spine.

Some inner force wills me to beckon to him with a wave of my hand.

He comes to stand in front of me.

I reach out and stroke the line of his pale, perfect neck from ear to collarbone.

"Mine.", I state. "My pretty boy."

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